

ONE PHASE OF THE MODERN LION HUNT IN LARGE CITIES.



... AN UP-TO-DATE SALON IN AMERICA ...



Written by Kate Masterson and Illustrated by Malcolm Strauss and Ryan Walker.

myself that there is not much talent loss in New York tonight.

Mr. Gettem: No, you got 'em all corralled, Mrs. Gettem. I told you I could get 'em and I have got 'em. I know how to handle 'em!

Mrs. Gettem: Mrs. Hyphen Hybrid, in the next block, is starting her salon tonight. I'd like to know whom she can have.

Mr. Gettem: Oh! a few theatrical no-bodies—vaudeville and all that. But you have the real thing, Mrs. Gettem: the real thing!

Mrs. Gettem: Why, Mrs. Hybrid's salon must look like a deserted banquet hall!

Mr. Gettem: It must look like that—as you say, Mrs. Gettem. It must look like a deserted banquet hall. You have the only original salon. You are the glower.

Mrs. Gettem: I'm sure it's all owing to your efforts, Mr. Gettem, and Mr. Gettem will mail you a check in the morning. And—er—you will prevail on the—the-artists-to perform I hope?

Mr. Gettem: I'll lead up to it, Mrs. Gettem. They must be handled delicately. After supper is the best time to suggest any—any—specialties. You took my advice about having the stone china dinner service and the heavy glassware—

Mrs. Gettem: I didn't quite understand—

Mr. Gettem: No, I didn't suppose you would, Mrs. Gettem; but the fact is—the-er—artistic temperament has an exuberance about it that you would not readily grasp. For instance, there is Rantleigh, who has a recitation called "The Last Charge." It is a fine military poem, and Rantleigh gets so enthusiastic that he has been known to dash forward sometimes,

upsetting chinaware and things of that sort. I thought it would be best to have dishes that wouldn't break easily.

Mrs. Gettem: That was very thoughtful of you, Mr. Gettem.

Mr. Gettem: Not at all! Then Mrs. Spouter—that stout, finicking woman in the spangled gown, she recites "Topsy." You've heard "Topsy," I presume, Mrs. Gettem?

Mrs. Gettem: No, I don't think I have. An opera, is it?

Mr. Gettem: No! It is a recitation, and there is verse which describes a herd of buffalo tramping over the prairie. I have heard Mrs. Spouter give this, Mrs. Gettem, and I assure you that the house shakes when she gets to that bit about the buffalo. It is the most realistic thing!

Mrs. Gettem: It must be very interesting. Oh, I think I shall like having a salon so much! I was so tired of my automobils!

The Prettiest Girl and the Most Distinguished Looking Man are in a corner. (The head plays a cakewalk.)

P. G.: But it is the best thing you ever heard of! And so many brilliant people! It's so different!

M. M.: Yes, it's like a flower street 'tache—there's a recitation to 15th avenue. The Puckman lion and the society lamb lying down together to eat salted almonds and spaghetti!

M. G.: (to herself) How perfectly brilliant! He must be one of them (to him) If you only knew how tired we got of the endless round—drives, dinners, dances, diamonds and delirium!

M. M.: Not so bad as that, I hope?

P. G.: Really? You've no idea! This salon

is going to be just like a dream! I want to meet all the actors and actresses. Artists are always handsome, aren't they? And a poet and a writer, then I'll send out cards and invite people to meet them. Who knows? I may have a salon of my own some day. If it gets to be the thing, we'll simply have to have them. And papa says we've everything I want!

M. M.: Well, you need a salon. No family will be complete without one in another week or two.

P. G.: Ha, ha, ha! (to herself) Oh, how clever he is! He must at least be a novice, but (to him) I suppose you know all the celebrities? That fine, noble-looking man with the—

M. M.: Hired wait?

P. G.: What? I was going to say with them—

M. M.: Oh, that's Van Trotter, the musician. He's really the star attraction here tonight—the top-dress!

P. G.: The top—

M. M.: The main guy!

P. G.: I suppose that's a musical term—something about hats and sharp—yes!

M. M.: Oh—oh—oh—oh—oh! Plenty of sharp—and a few crooks—only a few, though. There's Slippy Jim—his posing as a Thompson nowadays.

P. G.: (quizzical) You saw how stupid our society girls are. We can't even understand the simplest literary conversation. I suppose you mean that Mr. Van Trotter is famous?

M. M.: Yes; he gets a hundred and fifty for three turns, while that chap by the piano—do you see the little fellow in the purple tie—he's a good bargain.

P. G.: Oh, yes. What a dreamy face he has! Is he a musician, too?

P. G.: No. He eats glass and nails and things—but glass especially, because glasses are easier to get at sales.

P. G.: (shortly) Eat glass?

M. M.: Yes—on supper, just as the dessert comes on, Gettem—Gettem's that man with the whiskers—I can't just place him, but I know I've seen him before somewhere—Gettem has Chewitt—that's the glass eater—carefully coached. He passes him a glass and Chewitt just bites out a chunk as though it were a biscuit. It never fails to make a hit.

P. G.: Why, how perfectly lovely.

M. M.: Yes, this salon business will make Chewitt's fortune. He used to be sword swallower with a circus. Then he began going to smokers, but they used to make him eat the cigarettes and the empty bottles, and it was ruining his digestion. Then the salon started, and now—oh, you couldn't get Chewitt to go to a smoker. He says the salon is much more refined and less vulgar. He only eats a champagne glass. Sometimes he leaves the stem, even. He's getting lazier.

P. G.: That pale girl in white—some one said she was going to recite.

M. M.: That's Miss Gashgash, the poetess. She comes only on condition that she's allowed to recite her own poems all the evening.

P. G.: How nice it must be to just sit down and write things! What an agreeable recital water that is handing round the sandwiches!

M. M.: That isn't a head waiter; that's Gettem.

P. G.: Looking at him through her lorg-

nette! Really?

M. M.: He don't approve of this society salon business, you know. He offered his wife a steam yacht if she'd give up the idea. But she was dead set on it when she heard that Mrs. Hybrid was going to have one. That settled it. She wanted Gettem and he got all the stars. Now, there's long-trout—the Irish story—

P. G.: (with lorgnette) I beg pardon—what do you call him?

M. M.: A Harp.

P. G.: Really? How oddly he talked! It's so brilliant! Oh, I do think a salon is too sweet for anything! And that handsome chap by the door? He looks like a football man, but I suppose he's a poet or something?

M. M.: No; he's a bouncer.

P. G.: A bouncer? Ha, ha, ha! I suppose you mean one of those Indian rubber men?

M. M.: Oh, you can't have a society salon without a bouncer. Why, there's Charley Chopsticks, from Chinatown. You never quite know what Charley might do. If you start a salon let me get you a good bouncer.

P. G.: Thanks, awfully! Oh, there's Willie! I wish he'd look. You know Willie Wump, don't you?

M. M.: No; who is he?

P. G.: Of course, you wouldn't know him! He's only a society man! He's interested in the Fitzstep champagne. And he's so nice! Why, he wears a real Zulu bracelet just above his elbow. It's the oddest thing!

M. M.: How did you find out? Does he go around in short sleeves?

P. G.: Oh, everybody knows about Willie's bracelet. But, of course, you clever people are different. But you'd like Willie! He's

so witty! Why, the other night at the opera, when Mrs. Gettem came with all her diamonds on, he said—ha—ha—don't tell, will you?—he said: "There's Gettem, laden with gems, as usual." Wasn't that funny? I know you'd enjoy that! Ha, ha, ha, ha! (she looks admiringly at him.) Please tell me—do you write, or paint, or compose, or what?

M. M.: Oh, I don't do anything like that. I'm a Mulberry street man. My usual beat is Wall street—the dead line, you know. But they've put me on this salon business to keep an eye on the diamonds and the bric-a-brac.

P. G.: Looking at him through her lorgnette! Really? How perfectly lovely!

KATE MASTERSON.

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AUSTERLITZ 1805				LEIPSIG 1813				MARENGO 1800				MODDER RIVER 1899				WATERLOO 1815				GETTYSBURG 1863			
FRENCH, AUSTRIANS, FRENCH AUSTRIAN				GERMANS, FRENCH, GERMAN FRENCH				FRENCH, AUSTRIANS, FRENCH AUSTRIAN				BRITISH, LOSS,				BRITISH, FRENCH, BRITISH FRENCH				FEDERALS, CONFEDERALS, FEDERAL CONFEDERALS			
70,000 84,000 15,000 22,000				120,000 171,000 45,000 40,000				22,000 40,000 7,000 12,000				6,000 74,000 74,000				101,000 130,000 22,000 29,000				17,000 42,000 17,000 27,000			
27 Per Cent. 31 Per Cent.				16 Per Cent. 23 Per Cent.				25 Per Cent. 30 Per Cent.				(According to Lord Methuen's Report.)				22 Per Cent. 34 Per Cent.				24 Per Cent. 40 Per Cent.			